



FAMOUS
MONSTERS
#87

NOV. 1971

FAMOUS

A WARREN MAGAZINE PDC

50¢

MONSTERS

OF FILMLAND

CURSE OF
FRANKENSTEIN

23-PAGE
SPECIAL

**PHOTO
STORY**

**SURFERS
BEWARE!
FROM THE SLIME
OF THE OCEAN
FLOOR COMES THE
TREACHEROUS**

**SHE
CREATURE**

**OUT OF THE SEA...
OUT OF THE PAST!**

**PLUS NEW
MONSTER
COMICS**

**NEW PREVIEW:
ABOMINABLE
DR. PHIBES**





"If you like ACTION, what's going on in this picture is MILD compared to what you'll find in this JUMPING issue of FAMOUS MONSTERS—or my name isn't YOG!" (PS: The name of the globilapulous creature dominating this picture is YOG so if you grok monsters come groove along with us in this action-packed issue!)

SPEAKING OF MONSTERS



THE FRANKENSCEIENCE
ACKERMONGER
(Famous Monster #1)

The Cast of Characters (or should we say Casket?) in this thrill-packed summertime issue includes—

Bela Lugosi (Casimir the Creepy)
Lon Chaney Jr. (Mongo the Mad)
Basil Rathbone (the sinister Dr. Cadman)
John Carradine (the Thin Manster)
Akim Tamiroff (Odo the Odd)
Tor Johnson (Currie the Eerie)

And a score or more scary characters guaranteed to give you a chill-packed simmer time.

Then! If you can take it! Pack yourself off, this issue in your hot little claw, to Boston, where, from September 3d thru the 6th, that paralyzing personality Forrest J Ackerman will appear in person at the 29th World Science Fiction Convention at the Sheraton-Boston Hotel, Prudential Center, Boston, Mass. Talk with Real Live Monsters! Get their opinions, their autographs, their pictures with their hands clutching your throat. Movies, Masquerade Parade, Auctions, Authors, Exhibits—the time of a lifetime that you'll tell your grandchildren about ... If you live thru it! For further information write NOREASCON, P.O. Box 547, Cambridge, Mass. 02139.

Better bring two copies of *FM* with you—you'll want the autographs of Lee Marks & Prof. Gruebeard too.

And now—on to the delights & frights in store for you in this, our latest issue!

MEET THE MON- STERS!

TORRY ACKERMAN



THIS ISSUE DEDICATED to JOE HAMMILL of *Tenfoot*, New Garry, a monster fan who manages to make de Furry Ackerman feel good a couple times or more a month by the constant letters he sends commenting on FM. And don't think he's getting an issue dedicated to him because he spends all his time buttering up the editor (anyway, butter is out, on my diet) because his letters aren't necessarily completely complimentary. But it's evident that FM is a mag that turns Joe on, that he really cares about, so this is our way to let him know we appreciate his continuing interest. Thanks, Joel—Editor.

WANTED! More Readers Like



KIM MCKINLEY

A CUSHING FAN WRITES

I have just received my copy of the 1971 Fearbook and I found in it a picture-story of the great film *THE SKULL*, which starred my two favorite male actors, Peter Cushing & Christopher Lee. I thought it was an excellent movie, and they were just great in it. I always love to see them together, especially when one is a "good guy" and the other a "bad guy". However, Peter Cushing is my

favorite of all horror stars. I think he is a superb actor, and a very handsome one. To me, he has the kind of eyes that would hypnotize the paper off of a wall if they had to, and those are the kind of eyes we horror fans simply LOVE!

JATDNA PATRICIA WALKER
Prairie View, Tex.

PETER CUSHING



Her favorite star

HE DIGS DARK SHADOWS

Thanks for the marvelous article on *HOUSE OF DARK SHADOWS*. It was greatly appreciated. This, I think, could be one of the all-time great vampire films. Back to the article, the written text was good but, unfortunately, a few of the photos were blurred. It would have been nice to see a few shots of the 3 mansions used in the movie.

Two filmbooks in an issue is one too many. The *ISLAND OF LOST SOULS* piece was a reprint (of course, I was glad to have it—some little monster ran off with the original) and *THE MUMMY'S TOMB* was one of those films which offered just a pleasant atmosphere with little fright.

The *COUNT DRACULA* photos were interesting. The reversal of dates on page 49

was, of course, pretty obvious.
DAVE BILLMAN
Norton, Ohio

SHE JUMPS INTO THE PODLE

Shortly after reading Logan Poole's letter in FM #82, I had the chance to see *THE PRIVATE LIFE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES*. Christopher Lee's talent was certainly displayed in this picture. He was great! I don't believe that *DRACULA, PRINCE OF DARKNESS* has ever played up here in Toronto, so I have never seen it. But if Hammer had mangled our Mr. Lee in any way, they would have plenty of angry fans to answer to! Especially Logan & myself!

JEANNINE WILLS
Toronto, Canada

WANTED! More Readers Like



JOHN VECCHIO

A LIFETIME FAN

I have been a fan of *FAMOUS MONSTERS* for many years now. I first became interested in it when my brother was buying the magazine while in high school.

I think it is fabulous and I read & enjoy every article. The photos are superb.

I would like to suggest, however, that you print a bit more

on science fiction films like *THE DEADLY MANTIS* and *20 MILLION MILES TO EARTH*. It's not that I don't like *FRANKENSTEIN* or *THE MUMMY*, but I would enjoy reading other types of articles as well.
DEBORAH SEYMDUR
Grand, Ohio

WANTED! More Readers Like



DEBORAH SEYMDUR

A HOPE-FULL LETTER

I was so delighted with your issue #84 that I just had to send a letter of appreciation for the fine work put in by the members of the FM staff to create such a wonderful magazine. I have been a loyal fan for almost 6 years, but this is the first time I have ever gathered the courage to write. I think it is marvelous the way you bring back memories of greats such as Kerkoff, Lugosi, Chastley and so many others. My favorite of today would have to be Chris Lee.

I would like to ask if we could have more articles on Claude Rains. I just love to hear his voice in *THE INVISIBLE MAN*, and in many other films.

Keep up the great work.
CATHERINE A. HOPE
address unknown

CLAUDE RAINS



She loves his voice

HORROR VS. REVULSION

In *The New York Daily News*, columnist Rex Reed wrote about the controversial horror

(Continued on page 86)



FAMOUS

MONSTERS
OF FILMLANDJAMES WARREN
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CURSE OF
FRANKENSTEINSuper Special Filmbook
Photo-Comics

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THE SHE-CREATURE from The Prehistoric Past especially painted for FM by the great political cartoonist, Ron Cobb.



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Page 10

"9 killed you--9 will die!" is the curse of

THE ABOMINABLE DR. PHIBES

the reconstructed man

England, 1928.

Dr. Anton Phibes (VINCENT PRICE) and his wife had earlier been in a terrible automobile accident. She was rushed to a hospital for emergency treatment but despite the fact that a team of 9 surgeons did their best to save her she expired on the operating table after only 6 minutes.

(This Filmbook is seen thru the eyes of talented FM teenager—13!"—PAUL CLEMENS.)

Dr. Phibes mysteriously disappeared from the scene of the crash. Horribly injured, with superhuman effort he operated on himself in secret, transplanting organs & replacing bone structures



Blimey, but that limey worked! The gruesome remains—which grew less—of Dr. Philbes' female victim, now, because of locust-pecus, but a skeleton of her former self.

THE ABOMINABLE DR. PHIBES



Unfortunately, the face of Dr. Vesolius' son is down below, at the other end of the Acid Clock. The face & the foto. Spiral agony awaits!

until he virtually resembles an android—an almost completely artificial human being.

The reconstructed man, hatred burning in one of the few parts of his anatomy that is still the original—his heart—sets out to wreak vengeance on the 9 doctors he holds responsible for the death of his wife.

A great student of the Old Testament, Dr. Phibes — his mind now totally deranged — conceives of adapting the biblical curses of the pharaohs of Egypt as retribution on the doctors.

The curses involve

BOILS
BATS
FROGS
BLOOD
HAIL
RATS
BEASTS
LOCUSTS

DEATH OF FIRST BORN

and

THE CURSE OF DARKNESS

the phantom of the organ

The hand of Dr. Phibes is first seen as the film opens; the hand that is soon to play a fantastic organ but first is seen doing something even more fantastic:

Dr. Phibes' head is facing away from the audience as his hand opens a jar, removes some make-up and begins applying it to the unseen countenance.

Then, an artificial ear is added!

And another!

Finally, a synthetic nose is attached!

Then Dr. Phibes slowly turns around and for the first time his strange face is revealed.

Phibes looks human and resembles Vincent Price but the facial coloring is extremely odd: a light blue complexion with faint reddish purple accenting the eyes & lips. His hair—actually a wig—is silvery. He has a long thin moustache and silver-gray sideburns.

Dr. Phibes is next seen playing his organ. It is an unusual organ, which rises from the depths of his dwelling like an elevator. (Another unusual feature is that it is equipped with a telephone!)

Leaving his organ, Dr. Phibes descends a marble staircase, stopping between 2 large pedestals elevated about 4 feet above the floor on which sits a band of—mechanical musicians!

Robot music-makers!

"Dr. Phibes' Clockwork Wizards"!

The mad doctor starts to conduct his weird musicians, when his beautiful assistant Velnavia (Virginia North) appears and he interrupts.

the first curse

Taking a mysterious little cage covered by a dark cloth, Dr. Phibes leaves his abode in a long black limousine chauffeured by Velnavia, who drives him to the house of one of the doctors who, in Phibes' mind, was responsible for the death of Mrs. Phibes.

Spider-like, Dr. Phibes climbs to the top of the house and slowly lowers the sinister cage.



"Locusts, locusts, in the bottle, soon my victim you will throttle."

When the cage's contents have been discharged the empty container is brought back up and Dr. Phibes disappears from the scene.

But the contents of the cage do not disappear.

They are bats.

Vampire bats.

MANY vampire bats.

In one of the most effective & terrifying scenes in the picture, the winged horrors swarm over the shrieking doctor's bed, biting at his face, sucking out his blood.

Dr. Phibes sits contentedly at home, burning a wax bust of the man he has just killed. The bust slowly melts before the flame of a blow-torch.

(Dr. Phibes had also had a set of 10 amulets made, each inscribed with a different Hebrew letter standing for the curse that plagued the pharaohs. In this case, Dr. Phibes has just completed the Curse of the Bats. His first murder was not seen but was the Curse of the Boils. To accomplish that murder he presumably let out a cageful of bees in a doctor's library and the



"Listen, Love is never having to say . . . 'You're scary!!!' I'll be scoring up your acquaintances again soon. In fact, never mind your acquaintance—I'll be seeing YOU!"

deadly insects stang him to death, leaving his body covered with welts. "Boils.")

curses 3 & 4

A masked ball is in progress.

Dr. Phibes, in disguise, appears at the festivities to observe the lethal consequences as one of the doomed doctor dons a cunningly contrived mask that has been given him.

In the form of a frog head, the mask has a diabolical device built into it so that gradually, inexorably, it tightens about the head of the person wearing it.

Tighter.

Tighter!

The doctor's eyes bulge from his forehead.

His brain bursts!

The Curse of the Frog is completed.

* * *

The Curse of Blood.

Vulnavia enter the home of Terry-Thomas and persuades him to sit down in a chair by his fireplace.

Enter Dr. Phibes, ominous black bag in hand.

Phibes overpowers Terry-Thomas and withdraws from the bag a long rubber tube with a hollow needle on one end and a syringe on the other.

Slowly Phibes rolls up the doctor's sleeve and methodically inserts the needle.

Terry-Thomas becomes an unwilling blood donor.

One quart.

Two.

Three, Four.

And several more.

Eight quarts finally rest on the doctor's mantle.

Eight red bottles, one blue victim.

And, inadvertently left behind by Dr. Phibes, one of his amulets.

The first real clue for the police! They take the amulet to a knowledgeable Rabbi who enlightens them about the Curses of the Pharaohs.

the monster speaks

Meanwhile, Dr. Phibes sits before a picture of his dead wife. He is talking to her—but in a unique fashion. He can't speak as he once did for his vocal cords were destroyed in the auto accident. A master of acoustics, he recreated his voice via an electronic vox-box. Whenever he desires to speak, he plugs an electric cord attached to a speaker into a socket in the left side of his neck. He talks but his lips do not move; the only part of his head that moves in his Adam's apple, and his cheeks, which undulate in & out.

When Dr. Phibes addresses the picture of his wife he says, "Nine killed you; nine will die!"

**EACH CURSE IS WORSE!
READ THE REST IN
OUR NEXT GREAT ISSUE.
FM #88, on sale Oct. 12th**



That's what comes of hanging around with bat company. Victim of the bats, bitten to death by bits.

Villainous Vamp Vulnavia listens to Her Master's Voice on Vincent's Vintage Victrola.





GIRLS AND GHO

WHERE'S A POOR GIRL TO HYDE WHE



Dracula means to have the **BLOOD OF FRANKENSTEIN** or else Frank's bride. Frankly, Regina Corral faces a bad scene, which ever way she turns. Here she is menaced by Zandar Vorkav. Next issue we bring you the preview of the complete picture . . .

SOULS GALLERY



Portrait #14

WHEN DRACULA WANTS HER BLOOD AND FRANKENSTEIN WANTS HER FOR A BRIDE?



Decisions! Decisions!

Pity Regino Corral, above & left.

On the one hand (left) her choice is to be fanged to death by the Thirsty Count from Transylvania.

On the other hand (right above) she can be the envy of every girl on her block by being the bride of the tallest, darkest, handsomest monster in the neighborhood. But we guess you can see what her decision turned out to be—she got carried away by her old boyfriend who, when interviewed for FM, said (correction: growled)—

"I took one look at Regino and got on Instant Crush on her."

Gridiron fans will recognize that Frankie is using the old Squeeze Play on lucky Regina. (Ain't it enough to make a foot bowl???)



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THE VICTIM




FRANKENSTEIN



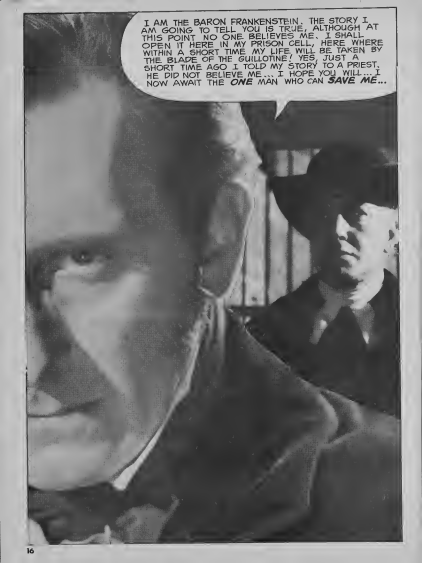
DR. DEADLY

CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN



More than a hundred years ago, in a mountain village in Switzerland, lived a man whose strange experiments with the dead have since become legend.

The legend is still told with horror the world over... our story begins on the following page...



I AM THE BARON FRANKENSTEIN. THE STORY I AM GOING TO TELL YOU IS TRUE, ALTHOUGH AT THIS POINT NO ONE BELIEVES ME. I SHALL OPEN IT HERE IN MY PRISON CELL, HERE WHERE WITHIN A SHORT TIME MY LIFE WILL BE TAKEN BY THE BLADE OF THE GUILLOTINE! YES, JUST A SHORT TIME AGO I TOLD MY STORY TO A PRIEST, HE DID NOT BELIEVE ME... I HOPE YOU WILL... I NOW AWAIT THE **ONE** MAN WHO CAN **SAVE ME**...



"PAUL DID NOT ARGUE LONG. SOON THE THOUGHT INTRIGUED HIM AS IT DID ME. SO ONE DARK QUIET NIGHT WE OBTAINED THE MAIN PART OF OUR GREATEST ADVENTURE INTO THE UNKNOWN ..."



"SHORTLY LATER IN THE SECLUSION OF OUR LABORATORY..."

THIS HIGHWAYMAN WON'T BOTHER ANYONE AGAIN. TOO BAD HE WAS HANGING SO LONG. THE BIRDS DIDN'T WASTE ANY TIME ON HIS HEAD... I MUST REMOVE IT!

I TRUST YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING!

PAUL! THIS MAN WAS A KILLER... SURELY THIS IS THE GREATEST THING HE HAS EVER DONE... THE ACID WILL DESTROY THIS WITHIN MINUTES!

"THEN ELIZABETH CAME TO MY HOME, SWEET ELIZABETH, WHOM DUE TO A FAMILY ARRANGEMENT WAS TO BE MY BRIDE..."

... AND INTERRUPT MY WORK, AND MY ROMANCE WITH JUSTINE, THE FAMILY SERVANT...

...BUT MY QUEST WENT ON...

AREN'T THEY BEAUTIFUL, PAUL? THEY ONCE BELONGED TO A FAMOUS SCULPTURE... BUT HE WON'T NEED THEM NOW!

PIECE BY PIECE MY MAN WAS BEING PUT TOGETHER, SOON MY WORK WOULD HAVE BEEN COMPLETED, BUT PAUL BECAME MORE AND MORE UNSURE AS WE NEARED COMPLETION...

EXCELLENT! THESE EYES ARE PERFECT!

SOON PAUL, VERY SOON MY CREATURE WILL BREATHE. ALL I REQUIRE IS A GOOD BRAIN.

THE WORK WENT ON. ELIZABETH DID SOME INQUIRING, BUT PAUL DID A REMARKABLE JOB OF PACIFYING HER. AND AS THE WEEKS PASS I SAW LESS AND LESS OF HIM, BUT I CONTINUED FAR INTO THE NIGHTS, FOR MY GOAL WAS NEAR...

WELL, PAUL, YOU LOOK WELL...
HAVE YOU FINALLY DECIDED
TO HELP ME? YOU
WEREN'T PRUDISH
BEFORE....

VICTOR, WHAT POSSESS YOU
TO GO ON? IS THIS YOUR
EXAMPLE OF A PERFECT MAN?
IT'S HORRIBLE! SCARRED AND
MISHAPENED, I CAN'T SEE YOU
CARRYING THIS ANY FURTHER!



AND FURTHERMORE, I CAN'T KEEP
LYING TO ELIZABETH ABOUT YOUR
ABSENCE, IS THIS A WAY TO
TREAT YOUR BRIDE?



IT WON'T
BE LONG
NOW PAUL,
TOMORROW
I SHALL MAKE
MY FIRST
TEST!



AND AS FAR AS MY MAN
IS CONCERNED... THAT
SCARRED FACE WILL HEAL
IN DUE TIME. I SHALL
IRON OVER THE ROUGH
SPOTS!



YES... TOMORROW I SHALL SEE IF ALL MY WORK
WAS IN VAIN... YOU MUST BE HERE, PAUL...



AFTER ALL, DIDN'T YOU HELP ME FROM THE START?
DON'T YOU REALIZE WHAT THIS WILL DO TO THE
TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION! PAUL WILL BE
FAMOUS WHEN WE BRING OUR "MAN" TO THE
NEXT BOARD MEETING IN GENEVA!



I WILL NOT AID YOU ANY
FURTHER IN THIS MAD-
NESS, VICTOR! YOU ARE
TAMPERING INTO
SOMETHING MAN
HAS NO RIGHT TO
DO! GOOD DAY!



'PAUL STORMED OUT
BUT RETURNED LATE
THAT EVENING...'

ELIZABETH, PARDON MY INTRUDING, BUT
I FEEL THAT YOU SHOULD LEAVE HERE.
YOU MAY BE IN DANGER!

BUT WHY, PAUL?
IS IT VICTOR?
WHAT IS HE DOING
UP THERE? HE
NEVER EATS
OR SLEEPS!



TRY TO BEAR WITH ME, ELIZABETH. VICTOR IS
WORKING UNDER EXTREME PRESSURE ON HIS
EXPERIMENTS. HE IS NOT HIMSELF AND HE
WILL NOT BE UNTIL HIS GOAL IS ACHIEVED!

ARE YOU TRYING TO
SAY VICTOR IS INSANE?
I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

VERY WELL, BUT I AM
LEAVING TOMORROW. IF
YOU NEED ME YOU
CAN WIRE.



"BUT THAT FOLLOWING NIGHT."

PAUL, I WOULD LIKE FOR YOU TO MEET PROFESSOR BERNSTEIN... THE GREATEST **BRAIN** IN EUROPE. PROFESSOR PAUL KREWE, MY ASSISTANT.

WHY, THANK YOU, PROFESSOR...

AH, I HAVE HEARD OF YOU, SIR.

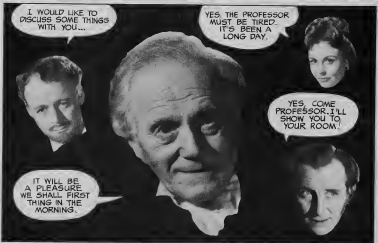


I WOULD LIKE TO DISCUSS SOME THINGS WITH YOU...

YES THE PROFESSOR MUST BE TIRED. IT'S BEEN A LONG DAY.

IT WILL BE A PLEASURE WE SHALL FIRST THING IN THE MORNING.

YES, COME PROFESSOR. I'LL SHOW YOU TO YOUR ROOM.





"UNFORTUNATELY THE PROFESSOR MET WITH A **TRAGIC** ACCIDENT, AND PLUNGED TO HIS DEATH FROM MY STAIRCASE WHILE LOOKING AT A PAINTING, HAVING NO LIVING RELATIONS AND SEEING THE TRAGEDY HAPPENED IN MY HOME, I HAD THE PROFESSOR'S BODY INTERRED IN MY FAMILY VAULT."



I MUST GET THE BRAIN BEFORE IT IS DESTROYED FROM LACK OF OXYGEN.



BUT SHORTLY LATER,

VICTOR!
I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN! I'D BET YOU KILLED HIM FOR HIS BRAIN! I WON'T LET YOU USE IT!



KEEP AWAY, YOU FOOL! IT'S NO GOOD TO HIM NOW!

YOU FIEND!
YOU'VE LOST YOUR MIND!

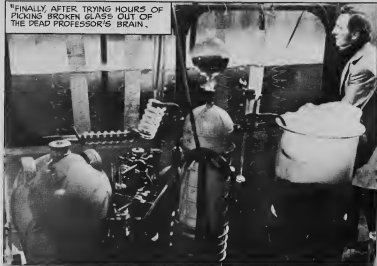


"BUT PAUL ACCOMPLISHED HIS MISSION, FOR THE JAK CONTAINING THE VALUABLE BRAIN BROKE WITH EXPLOSIVE IMPACT ON THE FLOOR."

PAUL, YOU BLIND FOOL... IF YOU'VE HURT IT...

VICTOR, I AM LEAVING. I CAN NOT PARTAKE ANY MORE. GOOD-BYE!

"FINALLY, AFTER TRYING HOURS OF
PICKING BROKEN GLASS OUT OF
THE DEAD PROFESSOR'S BRAIN."



AT LAST I AM READY. THE
STORM IS BUILDING UP
OUTSIDE ... THE TIME IS
HERE AT LAST!



PAUL SHALL EAT HIS
WORDS ... VERY SOON.





"I CONTINUED, PAUL PACKED HIS BELONGINGS AND PREPARED FOR HIS DEPARTURE. AND JUST AS I WAS READY TO BEGIN THE PROCESS OF GIVING LIFE HE WALKED INTO THE LABORATORY WITHOUT BATTING AN EYE..."

PAUL! I THOUGHT YOU WERE LEAVING?

I CAME TO SAY GOOD-BYE, VICTOR!

WELL, YOU SAID IT! NOW I **MUST** CONTINUE!

VICTOR, I MUST SPEAK TO YOU OUT OF HERE...



"PAUL AND I LEFT THE ROOM SECONDS LATER. A BOLT OF LIGHTNING STRUCK THE WING WHICH ENCLOSED THE LABORATORY AND A SUDDEN CRASH..."





AAAAAA



"THE MOMENTS THAT FOLLOWED ARE HAZY TO ME NOW. I REMEMBER A STRUGGLE. THEN PAUL CAME TO MY AID. THE MONSTER HAD ELUDED US. PAUL SET OUT AFTER HIM. I JOINED HIM AFTER COMPOSING MYSELF.

WELL, DID YOU FIND HIM?"

HE LEAVES A TRAIL THE SIZE OF A WATER BUFFALO!

LOOK!



NO, PAUL!
DON'T
SHOOT!



YOU AIM WELL,
PAUL...

"WE THEN DUG A SHALLOW GRAVE AND BURIED MY CREATION. UPON ARRIVING BACK AT MY HOME PAUL DEPARTED. THANK HEAVEN NEITHER JUSTINE OR ELIZABETH HEARD THE COMMOTION. THEN AFTER THE COVER OF DARKNESS I RETURNED TO THE WOODS, DUG UP THE BATTERED BODY AND SNUCK IT BACK INTO THE LABORATORY. MY WORK HAD BEEN CUT OUT FOR ME DUE TO PAUL'S HANDIWORK."



I BROUGHT YOU TO LIFE
ONCE... I CAN BRING YOU
BACK AGAIN!



"FIRST, IT WAS PAUL, THEN JUSTINE... MY SECRET LOVE, BEGAN ASKING QUESTIONS..."

SO, VICTOR, YOU ARE GOING TO MARRY THAT GIRL... YOU PROMISED TO MARRY ME... MAYBE IF I TOLD YOU WHAT I'VE SEEN IN YOUR LABORATORY...



WHAT— SEEN? SEEN WHAT? YOU LITTLE FOOL! SEEN WHAT?!



"THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED TO POOR INQUISITIVE JUSTINE. THAT NIGHT SHE SNUCK INTO THE ANNEX ROOM OF THE LABORATORY WHERE MY CREATURE NOW LIVED...STOLE IN TO SEE... SO SHE COULD NOTIFY THE AUTHORITIES... **SOMEHOW** THE DOOR LOCKED ITSELF..."

NO!
NO!



"I TOLD ELIZABETH THAT JUSTINE
HAD QUIT HER POSITION AND
ENDED THAT MATTER, THEN ON
OUR WEDDING NIGHT..."



OH, VICTOR
I DO HOPE
PAUL ARRIVES...
HE SAID HE
WOULD!

"AND SO HE DID..."



BRAIN SURGERY?
WHEN DID YOU
BEGIN THAT,
VICTOR?

I'LL
SHOW
YOU...

LOOK-
PAUL!



YOU FIEND!
I THOUGHT
I KILLED
THAT BEAST!



WATCH, PAUL...
STAND UP!



YOU CALL THAT YOUR
GENIUS, VICTOR? THAT
WRETCHED CREATURE!

THAT'S YOUR
HANDWORK, PAUL!
THAT BULLET IN
THE HEAD DID
THIS!



STAND
UP!

YES, PAUL I GAVE HIM LIFE ONCE
AND DESPITE WHAT YOU HAD DONE,
RETURNED LIFE TO HIM ... OF
COURSE MORE WORK IS REQUIRED.
THE BRAIN TISSUE WAS ALMOST
DESTROYED.



YOU'RE MAD,
VICTOR!
I'M GOING
TO THE
POLICE!

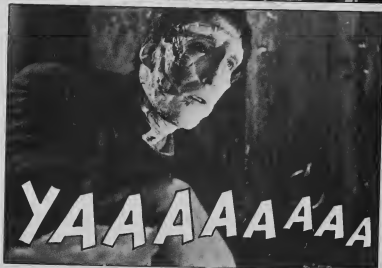


THIS TIME I WON'T COVER
FOR YOU! THIS THING
HAS MADE YOU INTO
A BLIND FOOL!

I WOULDN'T DO IT, PAUL ...



I CHASED PAUL DOWNSTAIRS AND THEN OUT TO THE ROAD PLEADING WITH HIM TO UNDERSTAND, BUT TO NO AVAIL. WHILE UNKNOWN TO US, ELIZABETH HAD WANDERED INTO THE LABORATORY. THE CREATURE MUST HAVE BROKEN THE BONDS AND WAS WATCHING HER FROM THE SKYLIGHT, WHEN...



"HEARING ELIZABETH'S SCREAM, MY ATTENTION TURNED FROM PAUL TO THE ROOF... WHERE THE CREATURE STOOD..."

NO! HE'S FREE!

I'LL GET HELP!



"I DASHED UPSTAIRS AND GRABBED A PISTOL IN A DESPERATE EFFORT TO REACH MY CREATION BEFORE ANY HARM BEFELL ELIZABETH..."

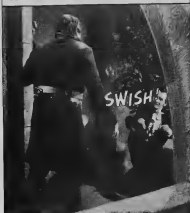
I'M COMING!



"AS I REACHED THE ROOF I FIRED TWO SHOTS... ONE STRUCK THE CREATURE AND ONE DEFLECTED AND WOUNDED ELIZABETH!"



"IN A LAST DESPERATE EFFORT I HURLED
THE LAMP SHE HAD CARRIED WITH HER
TO THE ROOF..."



"AND STRUCK MY CREATION IN A BURST
OF KEROSENE AND FLAME..."



"AND IN ONE BLAST OF FLAME
THE CREATURE FELL THROUGH
THE SKYLIGHT..."

... INTO THE TUB OF ACID...

CRASH!



"SO THAT IS
MY STORY. DO
I SOUND
FANTASTIC?
... WHAT? HERE
COMES PAUL!
PAUL WILL
TELL THEM...
PAUL WILL...
HAVE THEM
RELEASE ME...

PAUL! PAUL! TELL THEM
ABOUT THE CREATURE...
THE MURDER'S...

WHAT? JAILER, THIS
MAN IS MAD!



WHA — MAD! PAUL, YOU CAN'T
LET THEM DO IT TO ME... PAUL
I BEG YOU...



PAUL, DID YOU
TELL THEM?

NO... I TOLD
NOTHING.



I NOW I ONLY AWAIT MY SENTENCE...
IN TURN FOR CREATING LIFE... I
NOW DIE...

END

THE SHE-CREATURE

Yes, there was once a time when strange things roamed the deep—things unknown to all but a few, things that neither swam nor crawled but walked, manlike, thru the slime on the ocean floor.

For Man arose from the sea to make the land his domain, and his ancestors in the deep, not quite human, were left to tread the path to quiet obscurity. Such things are history, and now forgotten.

But in each of us there is a memory—a sleeping knowledge of eons past, when the earth was young. This memory, properly released, can reach back into the darkest recesses of time to probe the mysteries of Life & Death. The centuries present no obstacle to a man well-versed in the art of hypnosis, wise in the powers of the mind—

A man like Carlo Lombardi.

out of the depths

Dr. Carlo Lombardi (Chester Morris), a side-show hypnotist of underestimated talent, stood upon a rocky cliff and gazed down into the roaring ocean waves as he pondered a deep question. Beyond him, in the sea, was a shapeless entity which entwined itself in the mists, quivering eerily. He smiled at it, his eyes glowing, and then glanced down at a weird footprint in the sand, still wet & blurred with traces of seaweed.

From behind came the sound of a large dog barking hoarsely, excitedly. Lombardi turned slowly about to face the animal, which leaped down from a rock and loped toward him. It whimpered and

backed away as he cast his hypnotic gaze upon it, and eventually it fled in terror.

Lombardi smiled and turned once more to view the shape in the sea. In the darkness it huddled, returning into the sea while a piercing, inhuman shriek ran thru the air. The gulls overhead suddenly became silent.

He thought to himself how only he had done the impossible. Only he could bring her forth—only he could control her. . .

The Primordial Woman—a she-creature—walks again.

million-year-old murderer?

Altho Lombardi was once of no importance, now his fame has penetrated even the home of wealthy Timothy Chappel (Tom Conway), whose splendid seaside cottage lies near the spot where the hypnotist had meditated. Chappel now tries to persuade his wife (Flo Burt) to stop wasting her fortune on a man who, like all the other mystics she has frequented, is in his opinion "no more than a fraud & a faker."

Meanwhile, Chappel's daughter (Cathy Downs) is discussing Lombardi with a weekend guest, a psychic investigator by the name of Ted Erickson (Lance Fuller). Some weeks before, Ted had been publicly challenged by Lombardi to prove him a fraud—and he intends to do just that.

Several hundred yards away Lombardi crosses the beach and heads for a shack, occupied by a re-

**out of
the sea
out of
the past
out of
the mind
a murder
monster!**





Maria English, manacled by the Marina Monstar.

footprint, which could have been forged by a clever man. And there was apparently no motive for the crime. The cause of death indicates enormous strength—a point that reminds them of something Lombardi had mentioned. "What did he say was hovering over us?" he asks his underling. "A creature out of time. . . ?"

"More than a million years old. . ." adds the other detective.

Ted explains that he saw Lombardi leave the shack, but James only shrugs. Lombardi may seem a bit unusual, but he's certainly not dangerous, he insists. But we'll look into it anyway just in case. . .

They decide to question the hypnotist, leaving the trembling detective there to guard the corpse. It just so happens that he's the only one who believes there is a She-Creature.

Maybe he's right. . . ?

It is night and the carnival is closing down until morning. Only 2 or 3 booths remain open, and displayed prominently near one is a massive poster depicting Lombardi's hypnotic eyes, which seem to glow even in the darkness. Near him is a portrait of his lovely subject, Andrea Talbot, and the lettering:

DR. CARLO LOMBARDI
AUTHOR — LECTURER
HYPNOTIST EXTRAORDINARY
LEARN THE MYSTERIES
OF THE OCCULT!
LEARN THE FACTS ABOUT
REINCARNATION
35¢

Lombardi returns to the carnival, retiring to his own tent. Inside is a small auditorium & stage, while at the rear is a small alcove inclosed in black velvet. He draws aside the curtains, revealing his beautiful Andrea (*Maria English*) lying on a black-shrouded couch, under hypnosis. Her eyes are tightly shut and her face waxen & pallid, as tho she were dead. Lombardi gently touches her face, softly commanding her to awaken, but she doesn't stir. He gets up, walking to the window overlooking the sea, and stares out into the night. There is a wisp and a strange shape shivering in the fog. Lombardi fixes his eyes upon it, and it melts away into the sea. Then he returns to Andrea.

As he murmurs over her again, her eyes flutter open and again she begins to breathe. She jerks upright abruptly and demands to know what time it is. Lombardi reveals that she has been in a trance for over an hour—a dangerous amount of time.

"I hate you!" she screams. Infuriated by his keeping her prisoner, she tells him she will leave him and go to the police. But he smiles self-assuredly. "You will never leave me. You cannot." Andrea looks at his eyes and shudders. "You are a slave to my mind," he continues. "Our lives are bound together, whether you will it or not. . . . Thru you I have found power, the kind of power that men have been seeking since the beginning of time. . . ."

She heads for the door but he calls out to her in a sharp tone of voice. She stops suddenly, as if halted by an icy hand, and returns to him—helpless, no will of her own.

"You can never leave me. As long as I live I will possess you. It is something beyond yourself that makes you need me," he growls.

"You've taken my soul away from me."

For a moment Lombardi seems to sense something and then calls out to the silence beyond the

cently married couple. The door of the shack swings listlessly to & fro, and within can be seen the marks of destruction. Slipping on cotton gloves, Lombardi enters and surveys the scene.

The livingroom is a shambles, the furniture overturned & broken, water, seaweed & blood splattered about. Lombardi catches sight of a trail of blood on the floor and follows it to his source—the corpse of an attractive young girl; and, as he pulls the couch down from against the wall, the mutilated husband falls forward to the floor.

Lombardi jerks his head around as he hears the dog, "King," barking.

Ted & Dorothy, strolling along the beach, are somewhat surprised to see King race to them, prancing excitedly around their legs and barking furiously. Understanding something is wrong, they follow the dog in the direction of the shack and arrive just in time to see a dark figure—like that of Lombardi—emerge and disappear in the darkness.

They rush into the shack to investigate. Eyes wide at the sight of the murderer's victims, splattered with their own blood and sprawled in awkward positions on the floor, Ted urges Dorothy: "Call the police—hurry up!"

Within moments a team of detectives, led by Lt. Ed James (*Ron Randall*), arrives and make a thorough search of the premises, but they can find no clues to the murderer's identity. The corpses are examined to determine the cause of death.

"Never seen anything like it!" mutters the other detective (*Frank Jenks*) as he looks at the bodies. "Neck's broken in two, like a pile-driver bit her. The man's, too." He almost slips on something wet and looks down to find another clue. "Here's something—a piece of seaweed!"

The only other clue that can be found is a strange



Out of the sea, beneath the pier, comes the She-Creature. . . then up the stairs to peer about for prey!

door. "The door is open."

Rather bewildered, Ted & Lt. James enter. They were just about to knock. The two advance toward Lombardi but Ted's eye is caught by Andrea and he changes course. Lombardi frowns. James finds it necessary to summon Ted back to reality. "Is this the man you saw coming out of the Jefferson house?" he inquires.

Ted nods. Lombardi solemnly admits that he was there—but after the murder. Confident of having a suspect now, James dismisses Ted & Andrea and begins the questioning. Ted has invited Andrea out for coffee and she has accepted, but after they have gone, back in the tent Carlo Lombardi focuses his eyes upon the door.

Outside, Andrea suddenly stops. Before her, in mid-air, she sees two glaring eyes in the darkness. "I can't go with you. . ." she murmurs, and returns to Lombardi's tent.

Meanwhile, Lt. James continues his questioning of Lombardi: "You say you knew they were dead when you saw the open door?"

"There was no doubt in my mind. She had come, just as I said she would. Out of the ocean. . ." Lombardi leans forward, whispering, "She will come again. I feel her presence, even now. She comes out of the beginning of time, huge & indestructible. She will strike again & again. . . I alone can hear her."

James gets ready to leave and tells Lombardi that he is the prime suspect in the murder, but the hypnotist rises confidently.

"I shall be quite happy to pay the penalty for murder—if you can make a case against me."

"Don't be surprised if you see quite a bit of me," James replies, "—before & after I put you in jail."

Again Lombardi smiles.

The following day, as Ted & Chappel breakfast on the terrace, they note the morning paper's headline: **BEACH COUPLE POUND MURDERED**. Chappel glances over the lead article to find that Lombardi predicted that the She-Creature would strike that night, and immediately gets an inspiration. He turns excitedly to Ted, asking him to read the last paragraph aloud.

"One baffling aspect of the case concerns Dr. Carlo Lombardi, a carnival hypnotist and prognosticator. Only last week he predicted that such a murder would take place, describing it with grisly accuracy. He was questioned by the police but not held." He lays the paper aside, looking quizzically at Chappel.

"There's a million dollar idea in that," he says. "We'll take this two-bit local sideshow man and make him the biggest thing in the country. . . Blow him up till his name's on everyone's lips. Lombardi books, syndicated columns, lectures, television shows. . . This prediction of his is worth a million dollars! Between us, we can do it!"

Ted asks, "Where do I fit in?"

"Can't you see it? You give him the stamp of authenticity. Dr. Erickson, psychic research specialist, finds Lombardi experiments amazing—opens a new avenue in the understanding of the subconscious."

Ted snorts angrily. "I wouldn't touch that kind of money with a ten-foot pole! I've been trained to fight stupidity & ignorance, not thrive on them. Forget it. It's a lost cause as far as I'm concerned."

"Rubbish." And Chappel hurries down to the carnival and within moments is knocking on Lombardi's door. Before he can as much as introduce himself, Lombardi stands and startles him with:

"How do you do, Mr. Chappel. I have been expecting you."

Wide-eyed, Chappel asks, "How the devil do you know I'm Chappel—and what do you mean, you were expecting me?"

"I communicated with your thoughts as you left your house this morning."

For a brief second Chappel looks at him in dumb-founded silence but then breaks out with a hearty laugh. He is sure Lombardi is pulling his leg. "All-right," he says, "suppose you tell me why I came?"

You wish to talk business with me."

Chappel stops laughing. Shrugging it off as a wild guess, he gets down to business and offers Lombardi a proposition to perform for wealthy people for 50% of the profits. In return, Chappel will act as his manager and finance the venture until he is well on his way to fame & riches. Overwhelmed, Lombardi accepts, and Chappel tells him the first performance will be tonight, at his house.

"I'm having some people over—a newspaperman, a book publisher and a Doctor of Psychic Research. Give 'em everything you've got."

"I have," says Lombardi, "perhaps more than they can handle. . ."

Whistling, Chappel returns home. And Lombardi looks fondly at Andrea and tells the unconscious girl that now the world is their oyster.

When evening arrives the Chappel home becomes a scene of much activity. Several dozen people are milling about the livingroom. Excited voices fill the air as everyone awaits the coming of Lombardi & Andrea.

Suddenly Lombardi, clad in a dazzling tuxedo, enters the room, leading Andrea by the hand. As Lombardi steps onto the stage to prepare his equipment, Chappel urges the group to be seated.

Olaf the butler (*El Brendel*) tiptoes into the room and whispers in Chappel's ear. Chappel goes to the front door, where Lt. James is waiting. "I'm very anxious to see Dr. Lombardi's act," he says. "Do you mind?"

"Mind? Not at all, Chappel says.

James takes a seat beside Ted and the lights are turned out. An expectant hush falls over the audience. The curtains part and Lombardi steps forth into the spotlight.

Bringing Andrea forward, he says, "Ladies & gentlemen, it has been my good fortune to find in this young lady the perfect hypnotic subject. Thru her I will reveal to you the hidden mystery of life itself." And the performance begins.

Lombardi summons a doctor from the audience and brings him onto the stage. Offering him an instrument called a "mouse-tooth forceps" for examination, he establishes the fact that it is very sharp and can cause pain & excessive bleeding, in addition.

With the doctor as witness, Lombardi places Andrea in a deep trance and invites the medical man to imbue the instrument's razor-sharp teeth in her arm. Naturally he hesitates, but Lombardi reassures him it will cause no injury, and the man proceeds. The audience gasps as the teeth click together in her flesh—but Andrea shows not a single sign of discomfort. Lt. James can't believe his eyes but Ted tells him everything he is seeing is real.

The doctor removes the teeth from Andrea's arm. There is no wound & no blood! Lombardi is greeted by applause. Turning, he announces: "Since Dr. Erickson has called me a fraud & a charlatan, I

invite him to join me on this platform."

Reluctantly Ted rises and climbs onto the stage. Lombardi has him verify that Andrea is in a state of deep hypnosis, and, with that, he begins his age regression technique, sending her deeper & deeper into the trance.

Suddenly he recognizes a listless, almost death-like expression on her face. *She has gone back too far—into the clouded age before history!* He quickly brings her forth again.

She is now remembering a former life of hers, that of Elizabeth Ann Wexberby. Lombardi questions her about her identity, revealing that she lived at Oxnam Road, London, in 1618, and asks her various almost-unknown historical questions. She answers them as if she were there at the time. Before long, thru different means, Lombardi has proven that his demonstration is no trick but an actual exhibition of reincarnation.

Lombardi sends Andrea's mind back further thru time & space but Ted interrupts excitedly: "Stop! You're putting her in a cataleptic state—that's dangerous!"

Lombardi silences him. "She has survived that danger before." He asks Andrea: "Where are you now?"

"In space," she mumbles, "floating in space. . ."

In order to convince the skeptics in the audience, Lombardi offers to bring forth Andrea's spirit, out of her body. As he speaks to an invisible presence in the room, several old women in the audience, convinced by his mannerisms, declare that they, too, can see the spirit.

Unexpectedly, King rushes into the room, but Lombardi tells them that he can control the animal. He peers into its eyes and again it whimpers and scampers out of the room.

He communicates with the invisible spirit-form and suddenly pales. "Why do you hesitate?" he asks. "Now? At this moment?" He turns to the audience. "I am sorry to say this, ladies & gentlemen, but she is coming among us. . . The spirit Creature who visited the Jeffersons last night."

At once the visitors panic and run screaming from the house. The doors are locked and the room is soon cleared. Lt. James rushes to Lombardi and asks, "Where? To this house?"

"She did not say precisely. She is in the ocean at this moment, preparing to come out. . ."

the creature strikes

Lombardi sends Andrea back deeper & deeper into her trance until she has almost no heartbeat. Ted objects but is helpless—only Lombardi can revive her.

That night the spirit-being—the She-Creature—rises from the sea, baubles of water trickling down its scaly back, its green-red eyes shining in the dark, walking onward toward the carnival, leaving a trail of seaweed in its wake. . .

Moments later, 3 people are found dead. At almost dawn the She-Creature returns to Lombardi, blood dripping from its claws. The hypnotist gives the creature another task—*kill Ted*. Ted, standing on the beach, smokes a cigaret as the She-Creature silently creeps up behind him, lifting its deadly claws above his head—

In the house Andrea awakens with a scream, and begins to cry.



Surfers, beware—mind the curfew at night. . . or you might meet this Bathing Beauty. . . and that would "surf" you just right!



The Greet Lombardi (Chester Morris) and his—whatzit? Mermaid or grr-maid?

SOCK A SHE-CREATURE AND--



The She-Creature backs away and disappears in the moonlight. . .

Lt. Janes is furious. He is positive the murders are Lombardi's work but cannot find any evidence. At the same time, Chappel is delighted by the amount of money that is rolling in. He calls the murder during the previous night a "coincidence", but Lombardi assures him it was not. Chappel chuckles.

In the months to come Lombardi's fame increases. After demonstrating his powers to a group of scientists, nearly convincing them, he is swamped with countless offers for books, tv shows, lectures, and the like. Soon he is internationally famous but with this leap to success Lombardi finds he is losing the one thing he wanted most—Andrea. Ted has taught her how to resist him.

one last chance

Lombardi has but one last chance to regain his influence over Andrea. While she & Ted are walking along the beach Lombardi finds King and stares hypnotically into the animal's eyes. Suddenly it becomes a savage creature, like a rabid dog, with foam dripping from its jaws. It races to a rock near Andrea & Ted, and as they pass it leaps upon the startled Ted. Ted is hurtled to the ground and for awhile seems unable to defend himself against the mad dog's fangs, until—A feminine voice from nowhere rings out: "Get away! Get away!"

The dog returns to normal and runs away. Ted picks himself up and looks at Andrea—whose lips

YOU GO DOWN LIKE A SUNKEN SUB!



had not moved. "That voice—it didn't come from you. . . !"

But there is no one else there.

During Lombardi's next performance, Lt. James has Olaf lead him to Chappel's tape recorder in the study. After listening to a taped conversation between Chappel & Lombardi he discovers the hypnotist's She-Creature is evidently afraid of

fire. At that same instant Lombardi warns his audience: "I feel a menace to the people of this house!"

And again the people scatter in terror. Ted orders Lombardi to revive Andrea but the hypnotist refuses. Finally Lombardi seems to be persuaded and agrees to do so—but he insists she be brought back behind closed curtains so his secrets may not

be revealed. He pulls the drapes together around himself & Andrea and whispers into her ear: "Deeper—deeper. Time is an endless nothing. You're falling thru it... Deeper..."

He emerges and tells Ted, "She's in the recovery process."

how to capture a creature

Lt. James sends his men out with high-powered rifles, with orders that they build a fire around the She-Creature's usual path. As he waits for his men to return, James turns around to find himself attacked by the supposedly nonexistent monster. He snatches a revolver from his coat and fires but the thing is not badly harmed. Staggering slightly, the creature seizes him and almost crushes him to death. James screams and the She-Creature rambles off.

Hearing his scream, Ted rushes out to find James almost dead. "It'll be coming back this way," he groans. "Lombardi was right—he did it..."

"Did it?" Ted asks.

"Brought the girl back..."

James closes his eyes for the last time and Ted realizes there is a She-Creature. The police arrive with rifles and gather brush around the monster's path, setting it afire.

Meanwhile, Chappel is in his study, hurriedly gathering his money together with the thought of fleeing from Lombardi with all the profits, but he is interrupted—by the entrance of the She-Creature. Lombardi stands by and watches while the creature attacks the terrified millionaire. Chappel is slain after finding his gun useless against the supernatural monster.

Ted returns to the house and almost runs into the She-Creature. Smiling, Lombardi shouts: "Now do you believe, Doctor? Kill him!"

And the She-Creature obeys its master. It lifts its claws above Ted's head but hesitates, and wildly it turns and attacks Lombardi instead. The hypnotist, mortally wounded, collapses. The monster goes to the couch where Andrea lies and gazes strangely at its other self. In a puff of mist the solid creature becomes a formless phantom and drifts out thru the window. Ted races out after it.

Moaning, blood running down his forehead, Lombardi gets up and brings Andrea out of her trance. "You couldn't kill the man you loved," he says. "I mustn't let you die. When I touch you, you will awaken young & beautiful." He taps her face and falls backward, dead.

As the stupefied police look on, an almost-invisible form walks slowly thru the flames and into the sea as a multitude of bullets are fired at it. It fades away, the mysterious tracks disappearing with it.

THE SHE-CREATURE was one of American International's early (1956) ventures into monstrosity, produced by Alex Gordon, the producer known for his friendship with Bela Lugosi, his friendship with *VOODOO WOMAN!* his *ATOMIC SUBMARINE!* *UNDERSEA CITY!* etc. Marla English was the actress originally picked (as a teenager) to be Miss Science Fiction at the Sci-Fi Conference held in San Diego, Calif., in 1951. Chester Morris starred in one of the earliest talking mystery melodramas, *THE BAT WHISPERS* (1931). Tom Conway has also appeared in *I WALKED WITH A ZOMBIE!* *THE 7th VICTIM* and other horror films.

END



A "whale"
of a tail--
the END of THE
SHE-CREATURE.

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Q Could you please tell me how many movies that master of the macabre, Vincent Price, has made? —FRED UHTER, Griffith, Ind.



VINCENT PRICE
how many?!

A Mr. Price's latest horror film, the soon-to-be-released **OR PHIBES**, marks his 100th picture, Fred.



BELA LUGOSI
we made an error!

Q In your column in issue #84 you stated that the great Bela Lugosi had 3 wives. This would seem to disagree with the article, "Lugosi's Haunted House" (FM #59), which im-

plies that he had 4 wives. Please explain! —EDWARD PATRICK ADZIMA, Ellington, Conn.

A Even an old graybeard like Gruebeard can make a mistake! I must have been asleep when I said Lugosi was married 3 times. The truth is, he was married 5 times in all!

Q I found the cover of FM #84 very striking, and I have 3 questions about it. What Dracula film was it from? How was the startling blood-red eyes effect achieved? Finally, who was the makeup man? —LESLEY CAMINEZ, Flushing, N.Y.

A The cover was a color photo of Chris Lee from **TASTE THE BLOOD OF DRACULA**. Makeup man Gerry Fletcher used contact lenses to make Mr. Lee's eyes appear to be blood shot.



CHRISTOPHER LEE Cover
Three questions

Q Is the man who plays Sam the bartender on **GUNSMOKE** the same Glenn Strange who has played Frankenstein's Monster so many times? —ED WHITE, Pockney, Mich.

A You're right, Ed. The man who fills James Arness' glass on **GUNSMOKE** once menaced frightened heroines, angered villagers and even Abbott & Costello!



GLENN STRANGE
is it the same man?

Q I would like to know if John Carradine will be appearing in any new fantasy films —MARSHA SANDS, Bay-side, N.Y.



JOHN CARRADINE
what's his latest?

A Although he is 65 years old, Mr. Carradine is still very active in the film world, fortunately for us. He will be appearing in a film called **THE SEVEN MINUTES**, and horror film buffs can see him in **THE FLESH CREATURES**.

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NORTHERN ENGLAND! AS THE
TRAIN WHISTLE FADED IN THE
DISTANCE, DR. BYRON KING
SUPPRESSED A SHIVER AND THE
NOTION HE HAD SOMEHOW
STEPPED BACKWARD INTO
ANOTHER CENTURY... HE FELT
INCREDIBLY ALONE...



HIS FOOTFALLS ECHOING ABOVE THE SOUND OF RAINWATER IN THE COBBLESTONE GUTTERS, DR. KING MADE HIS WAY THROUGH THE VILLAGE SEEKING AN OPEN DOOR, A FRIENDLY VOICE, WARMTH AND LIGHT...



AT HIM, LADS! SHOW
'IM WHAT HAPPENS
TO HIS KIND IN
THIS VILLAGE!



BLOWS RAINED ON KING FROM EVERY SIDE! HIS BODY
SAGGED TO THE PAVEMENT AND NAUSEA SWEEPED THROUGH
HIM ... FLAILING FISTS AND STOMPING FEET SWIRLED
ABOUT HIM, THEN ... **OBLIVION!**



DR. KING STIRRED. HE COULD NO LONGER FEEL THE RAIN OR THE WET COBBLESTONE BENEATH HIM... HIS EYES, ACHING WITH THE LIGHT, SLOWLY BROUGHT THINGS INTO FOCUS...



5-SOME KIND OF DOCTOR'S OFFICE... NO! IT'S A LABORATORY!

PART OF AN OLD CASTLE... BUT EQUIPPED WITH THE LATEST EQUIPMENT! AND THAT BREATHING... HEAVY BREATHING...



GOOD LORD! THAT T-THING...



BYRON, MY BOY! YOU'VE RECOVERED! WE ARRIVED JUST IN TIME TO STOP THOSE IDIOTS... SUPERSTITIOUS RABBLE!

DR. SEBASTIAN! YOU MEAN I WAS RESCUED BY YOU AND THIS... MONSTER?



NOT MONSTER, BYRON. CREATION! MY CREATION! NOT YET PERFECT, BUT WITH YOUR HELP...

Y-YOU YE... MADE... A LIVING CREATURE?



AFTER YEARS AS MY PRIZE PUPIL, ARE YOU SO AMAZED? THE WONDERS OF ELECTRONICS, THE SKILLS OF SURGERY... WHO COULD BETTER APPLY THEM THAN ME?

IT'S LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF MARY SHELLEY! HOW...?



AFTER MY RETIREMENT, I BEGAN EXPERIMENTING... ELECTRONIC STIMULATION TO BRAIN CELLS, NERVOUS SYSTEM... FOR YEARS I WORKED WITH TEST ANIMALS, GUINEA PIGS, MONKEYS... THEN THERE WAS A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT NEAR THE CASTLE...



I PULLED TWO MEN FROM THE WRECKAGE, DEAD AND MANGLED... THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT, I WORKED FEVERISHLY, SEWING AND GRAFTING... WELDING THE TWO INTO ONE WHOLE!



WORKING AGAINST TIME, I RE-CONVERTED MY EQUIPMENT TO HANDLE THE LARGER SUBJECT... THEN, TINGLING WITH ANTICIPATION, I THREW THE SWITCH!



IT WORKED! THE RESULT WAS NOT PERFECT, THE CHARGE HAD BEEN WEAK, AND THE BRAIN WAS DAMAGED... MY CREATION COULD ONLY FUNCTION IN A LIMITED MANNER, UNFORTUNATELY, IT WAS SEEN BY SERVANTS... THEY SPREAD HYSTERIA THROUGH THE VILLAGE!



THEY'RE HOSTILE FOOLS! JUST LIKE THE MEDICAL BOARD THAT FORCED ME TO RETIRE! NOW I CAN SHOW THEM!

NO ONE EVER DOUBTED YOUR BRILLIANCE, DOCTOR! BUT T-THIS... IT'S BEYOND THE MEDICAL REALM... BEYOND THE HUMAN REALM! AREAS BEST LEFT ALONE!



LOOK AT ME! LOOK AT THIS SHRIVELED DYING BODY... ARTHRIC HANDS... LIMBS! USED UP! BUT MY MIND STILL FUNCTIONS... WORKS BRILLIANTLY!

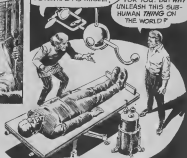
Y-YOUR MIND... YOU MEAN...?



IN THE NEXT FEW WEEKS, DR. KING SUBMERGED HIMSELF INTO THE NOTES AND RESEARCH OF AMOS SEBASTIAN... LETTING VOLUME OF WORDS ASSERT THE INFLUENCE HIS CONSCIENCE WOULD NOT!

DON'T MOUTH THE SAME DRIVEL AS THOSE VILLAGE LOUITS! YOU'RE ONE OF THE FEW MEN WITH THE SAME POTENTIAL AS MYSELF!

YOU TAUGHT ME ALL I KNOW, DOCTOR SEBASTIAN... I'D DO ANYTHING FOR YOU! BUT WHY UNLEASH THIS SUB-HUMAN THING ON THE WORLD?



YOU CAN DO IT, BYRON! FREE MY BRAIN FROM THIS DEATH HOUSE! TRANSFER IT TO THE STRONG DURABLE BODY I'VE CREATED! YOU CAN DO IT!

I-I DON'T KNOW... YOU'VE DONE THE GROUNDWORK... PERHAPS...



YOU'VE LIVED UP TO ALL MY HOPES, BYRON! ... WITH THE NEW EQUIPMENT, YOU CAN'T FAIL!

WE CAN PRODUCE A STRONG ENOUGH CHARGE TO PREVENT STRENGTH LOSS AS WITH YOUR CREATION... A GREAT MIND PRESERVED FOR THE AGES!



I-IT CAN BE DONE!!



THUNDER, LIGHTNING, AND DRIVING RAIN LASHING THE NIGHT SKY DREW NO ATTENTION FROM BYRON KING AS HIS SKILLED SURGEON'S FINGER'S GUIDED HIS KNIFE INTO THE FIRST PHASE OF THE OPERATION...



THE THOUGHTS AND MEMORIES OF AMOS SEBASTIAN WERE LIFTED FROM THE DYING SHELL BODY, TRANSPORTED ACROSS THE LABORATORY, AND DEFTLY SEWN INTO THEIR NEW RESTING PLACE...

ALL SURGERY COMPLETED... MUST GET WIRING INTO PLACE...



FINAL READINGS CHECK OUT... ALL READY TO GO...

NOW!



HERE NOW! WHAT'S DOING WITH THEM LIGHTS?

YOU DAFT? THERE'S A GREAT BLOODY THUNDER-STORM!

NO! IT'S NOT THAT...



UP THERE! SEE THE FLASHES AT THE CASTLE!

IT'S THEM DOCTORS! UP TO MORE UNHOLINESS! THEY SHOULD BE STOPPED!

AYE! LET'S NOT SIT HERE WHILE THEY MAKE MONSTERS UP TO THE CASTLE!



ON THE OPERATING TABLE, THE MONSTROUS FORM STIRRED... FINGERS TWITCHED AND MOVED... EYELIDS SLOWLY OPENED...



BYRON! GET THESE STRAPS OFF! I'M ALIVE! IT WORKED... IT WORKED!



OPEN UP! WE'VE COME FOR YOU!

END THE DEVILMENT! OPEN THE DOORS!

OPEN OR WE'RE BREAKING IT DOWN!

THE VILLAGERS! ATTACKING THE CASTLE!

THOSE FOOLS! I'LL MAKE AN END TO THEM JUST LIKE THAT PAIR IN THE CAR!



IN THE CAR? YOU GOT THE TWO BODIES BY DELIBERATELY CAUSING A WRECK? THAT'S...

MURDER! WHAT ANYONE STANDING IN MY WAY DESERVES! FROM THESE VILLAGERS TO THE MEDICAL BOARD...



...INCLUDING YOU!





UNMINDFUL OF THE LASHING STORM,
THE GROTESQUE FORM LUMBERED
OFF INTO THE DISTANCE, BENT ON
RAGE AND DESTRUCTION!



DR. BYRON KING CAME RUNNING TO
A PILE OF SMOULDERING ASHES...
A PILE OF ASHES THAT CONTAINED
THE THOUGHTS AND MEMORIES,
DREAMS AND NIGHTMARES, OF
AMOS SEBASTIAN... A PILE OF
ASHES ALREADY BEING BLOWN
AND SCATTERED BY THE WIND...



END



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MYSTERY PHOTO

NUMBER
54



IS IT THE HIDEOUS MR. WHOOZIS?

And MR. SARDONICUS thought *he* was ugly!

THE MAN WHO LAUGHS would have been tickled to death with his appearance after one look at our mystery contestant, Mr. X.

As a matter of fact, could he be —DR. X? The man whose face was full of synthetic flesh?

Could his be... the FACE OF FIRE?

Well, enough guesses—here's a clue:

If a fellow named Herman Horatio Hercules went around crying "Thick Blood!" he might be referred to by his friends (if any) as H. H. HERC THICK BLOOD CRIER. Well, if you'll re-arrange the 21 letters in that title you'll have the proper title of the picture in which his face of horror was featured.

Good luck!

ANSWER TO MYSTERY PHOTO No. 53



The bushy bearded beastman was none other than Glenn Strunge as THE MAD MONSTER. This fact was guessed by Mike Laughbaum, Keith Bridges, Paul Hotz and Craig Zerouni, among others. Early fans who recognized a mutant from THE TIME TRAVELERS included Ed Eaton, Kevin Pappen, Tony Futino, John & Debbie Edwards, Mark McGinn, Scott Bridges and Elisabet Nelson.



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DEAD-LETTER EDITION OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE FAMOUS MONSTERS CLUB

GORYSPPONDENTS

BRION THOMAS, 744 N. Williams, Paulding, Ohio 45879 is 12 years old and a great Karloff & Lugosi lover...

DON GREENE, 6206 Superior Ave., Cleveland, Ohio 44103 is 16 and thrives on anything that has to do with monsters. He plans on being a makeup artist...

CHRIS HULL, P.O. Box 292, Jackson, N.C. 27845 likes Karloff, Lugosi & Cushing. He's 11 years old.

FRANK KOSKOTAS, 1515 W. Ardmore, Chicago, Ill. 60626 loves all kinds of monster films...

BRIAN HALK, 150 Hampton Place, Springfield, Ohio 45504 like dinosaurs & will answer any questions readers may have about them...

RICHARD BULLMAN, 45430 6th St. East, Lancaster, Calif. 93634 is 12 years old and would like to write to people about Boris Karloff...

KEVIN PAPPAN, 4795 Hayden Blvd., Columbus, Ohio 43220 would like to goryspond with people interested in vampirism in literature & films...

DAVID GOLDHIRSCH, 18 Dewhurst St., Staten Island, N.Y. 10314 is starting a club dedicated to the study of witchcraft, vampires & other legends & myths...

BILL GEORGE, 5023 Frankford Ave., Baltimore, Md. 21206 is the president of the Robert Bloch Fan Club. Those who enjoy the work of the author of

PSYCHO & THE HOUSE THAT DRIPPED BLOOD should contact Bill for more info...

DAVE PATTERSON, 2305 N. Spaulding, Chicago, Ill. 60647 is wild about vampires like Barnabas Collins & Dracula...

ALAN CARUSO, 35123 Mulberry Ln., Glen Ellyn, Ill. 60137 likes to investigate haunted houses and legends...

JOHN A. YOUNG, 3 Cedar Grove Court, Ottawa 5, Ontario, Canada likes vampiric monsters & things that go bump in the night...

MARK SEELY, 309 Crestwood Dr., Tullahoma, Tenn. 37388 is 15 years old and likes the stories of Edgar Allan Poe...

BRIAN ANTOS, 20 Elmsford Dr., West Seneca, N.Y. 14224 likes Godzilla & King Kong...

Want a GORYSPONDENT? This is the spot reserved for readers who want to write to other fans the world over. Just send us your name, address, age, and a brief description of what you are most interested in. If at all possible, enclose a photo!

Send to:

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ARTIST OF THE MONTH



"Even a man who is pure at heart..." begins the poem as the full moon rises and Larry Talbot (Lon Chaney Jr.) becomes THE WOLFMAN. Drawn here by **RONNIE HAMRICK** of Anna, Ohio



When the photographer told them to "say cheese", 8-year-old **ROBERT RAY MYERS JR.** and 11-month-old **DAVID LEE MYERS** did just that! It won't be long before David is reading FM like his brother Bob.

FAMOUS MONSTERS OF THE MONTH



SAMMY
MARSHALL



MICHAEL
TAMBASCO



GEORGE
RICHARDS



EUGENE
HAMMACK



BRIAN
THOMAS



SCOTT
KELLEY



RONALD
COON



MIKE
ROCHELEAU



RICK
COCKRUM



JOEL
NORTON



WILLIAM
WOOD



LEE
GRASSAL

MADISON MONSTERS MAKE MAYHEM



Above are two scenes from an Bmm amateur movie production entitled **TERROR IN NEW YORK CITY**, produced by the Madison Square Boys Club of New York City.

(Continued from page 4)

him, NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD. After reading what he had to say, I feel that suspicions I've had for a long time are justified: horror films are treading a quiet path toward extinction. Nowadays, you come away from a picture confused & nauseated instead of frightened. No longer do horror movies frighten me. Instead of being thrilled and chilled, viewers of recent pictures gulp, put hands to their stomachs, then look up for some more pore & violence.

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SAL APRIL

I am not so easily sickened — I just sit there, quietly sigh, and think to myself that the picture I'm watching is for the birds. HOUSE OF DARK SHADOWS (which I loved, despite everything), THE GREEN SLIME, the Hammer Dracula & Frankenstein series, etc. all depend more on blood & gore than chilling scenes like the detective mauling the stam toward the mother's room in PSYCHO, or the slowly moving doorknob that terrified Julie Harris & Claire Bloom in THE HAUNTING.

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BRUCE STEENSEN

Patrick Miller's letter in FM #85 made my blood boil. He agreed with Ron DeSouza that Dracula was driven by an uncontrollable hunger. Lugosi's Dracula was evil incarnate,

a murderous living-did-horror that was frightening, not pitiable.

THOMAS WEAVER
North Tarrytown, N.Y.

• Maybe you could bring your blood back to room temperature, Tom, by looking at Lugosi's Dracula from both points of view. Frightening as he is, we can still feel sorrow & pity for him.—Ed.

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STEVE PERRY

THEY DEMAND EQUAL TIME

In your recent issues of FAMOUS MONSTERS, you have mentioned the fan clubs of both Christopher Lee and Bela Lugosi. Don't get me wrong, they are both fine performers in their own right. However, how about devoting some more space for other talented people?

I am the president of the Irwin Allen Science Fiction Association. Mr. Allen, as you know, produces a variety of in-

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tripping fantasy series on television. His most famous are LOST IN SPACE and LAND OF THE GIANTS.

Anyone wishing information about the club may write to me.

RON SAPP
509 N. Dupont Hwy.
Dover, Dela. 19901

more animal than human, a Satanic creature of the dark. I believe this to be far more effective than Lugosi, Chaney Jr., or Carmine. I am delighted to hear of COUNT DRACULA, but I sincerely hope Mr. Lee will continue to play the role of Dracula. MARVIN LEE TEAL
Catoctinville, Md.

MORE ABOUT MR. LEE

I've been reading FM since issue #1, and would like to make a few comments.

First, I'd like to defend Christopher Lee's movies, as opposed to Logan Poole's comments. TASTE THE BLOOD OF DRACULA had a poor script, but PRINCE OF DARKNESS was good and HAS RISEN was excellent. Perhaps the reason why Mr. Lee has few lines of dialogue is his unique & horrifying interpretation of the undead count. Lee depicts the vampire king as

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